

"But there was the law, Judge; how could you get around that?"  
"Easy enough. There was no trouble in ascertaining that undue influence had been used over her mother by the woman to induce her to make the will. She was weak-minded and old, and her daughter was deuced clever and strong-minded; and she wrote gushing letters to her mother that no doubt had undue power over her. John Hardine will make a live Administrator. He's given the proper bonds already."  
"But what will become of Mrs. Tubbs and her children?"  
"That's for Peter Tubbs to say."  
"But you forget the late news."  
"I did. That's so."  
"Do you suppose he'll escape?"  
"Oh, I can't tell. 'Tisn't likely. They seldom do."  
Mrs. Tubbs drew her slouched sunbonnet more closely about her face, and leaned forward in the unconscious attitude of eager listening.  
The group of men were so deeply interested over their own gossip that they scarcely noticed her.  
"He's got a lively spirit by this time," said one.  
"How did he ever manage to draw the money?" asked another.  
"Oh, it was easy enough," said the Judge. "He presented his wife's checks and endorsed them. It wouldn't have been a criminal act if it had been done before the final decision was made. But, when he found that the money didn't belong to his wife, as he'd supposed at the time he drew it from the bank, he'd have to give it up if he didn't run away, he thought he'd better skip the country."

manner of invention or any figure of speech, to coin the words to express my loathing and contempt of such a low-lived sneak thief as yourself and Judge Hardpan and John Hardine, I'd say them! But they'd blister you all over with compunctious blotches, and turn you wrong side out with the force of their meaning, and then I wouldn't tell you half the truth! You have entered into a conspiracy with John Hardine and Judge Hardpan to rob me of my honest inheritance! John Hardine has given you a thousand dollars for your decision, and I know it! As Administrator, he can manage the estate to suit himself. My mother knew how grasping he was, and how much I had done for her, and how little my father had done for me. You knew that John Hardine had gold. You made a bargain with him, through Judge Hardpan, you know you did! You conspired with them to rob me, and your pockets are this minute lined with ill-gotten gains! But I'll get even! I'll carry the suit to the Circuit Court. Happily we have an honorable man on that bench this term, and this iniquitous decision will be reversed. I never mentioned my mother's will to her. I never saw her after it was made till I saw her in her death-sleep, and I had not seen her for two years prior to the date of the legacy. All this was testified before you, sir, and not a word was refuted. But what was honor to you when money was at stake? or what was principle when your contingent fee was a thousand dollars? Judge Orlando, have women a country?"

"I don't make no noise in the world; but I'll see no woman mistreated, even by the President of the United States, while I can help it, if I know myself."  
"Mrs. Tubbs, your room is ready," said the landlord, leading the way with a candle as he spoke.  
The men looked at each other in silence when the robbed and insulted woman had gone.  
Judge Orlando was the first to speak.  
"Why didn't you interfere sooner, Mr. Smith?" he asked, humbly. "I assure you I'm heartily ashamed of myself."  
"I've interfered in a minute if I'd had any idea you'd take it in this lamb-like fashion," said a meekly puny sycophant, who always truckled to a supposed superior. "I thought the Judge was forgetting himself all the time."

## "THE EARTH WAITS FOR HER QUEEN."

BY HESTER M. POOLE.

When a Judge in New York City, on sentencing a man for cruelly beating his wife, said, "By the law I can only give you six months in prison, but had you beaten your horse I could have given you two years," he uttered the severest satire on the law of the land which lips could frame. I grant that multitudes of us are cherished inmates of happy homes. But what of those wretched, struggling creatures who suffer in silence the thousand ills which are the inheritance of a weaker class? They who feel the wrongs of others as though inflicted upon themselves—still more, they who have risen from the personal into a realization of justice, that first and principle of spirit—cannot rest until all human beings have an equal right to life, liberty and development. Liberty means more than we can comprehend, save in rare, inspired moments. Freedom before the law is only the first step toward freedom for the soul. Following it must come freedom from dogma, superstition, bigotry and prejudice; freedom to investigate, to reason, and to labor in any field of thought or action; freedom to develop from the soul's own center—to reach outward and upward toward the sunshine of Divine love and light, as the tender plant unfolds leaf, bud and blossom in the warmth of early summer.

Once alone in her room, with a good fire burning in a little stove near a comfortable bed, and the door securely locked, Mrs. Tubbs sat down to canvass the situation and lay plans for the morrow.  
"Peter Tubbs has not run away. I know he hasn't!" she said, firmly. "He wouldn't have his pockets full of money half an hour before the sharks he runs with would get it all. They've hid him away somewhere till they'll have a chance to spend it. I'll find him to-morrow!"  
[To be continued.]

## SPOILING WOMEN'S NAMES.

The Sun says that many, if not a majority, of the names of the eight or nine hundred girls from the public schools who have been examined for admission to the New York Normal College give the impression that they belong to mere household pets rather than to young women who are approaching maturity, and who are engaged in serious work. These girls apparently prefer the nicknames by which they are known in the family circle and to intimate friends to those with which they were christened, and therefore take pains to adopt them in their signatures. In so doing, the public school girls are not exceptional among our young women, for it is quite the fashion nowadays for them to grow so enamored of their nursery appellations that they cling to them as their fixed and proper names. They may even be offended when they are addressed by their correct names, which they imagine are less pretty than these pet diminutives; and some grave grown-up women will put Hattie or Gussie or Mamie or Sallie on their cards as if they were in playland still.

The fashion is American, but our patriotism cannot make us grow fond of it. The nicknames which appear in so large a share of these public school girls' signatures would do very well for the pets at a dog show. When they are used to express the affectionate regard of near friends and relatives, they also may be pretty and appropriate, but they look very silly in a formal signature, and surely do not befit the dignity of womanhood.

For instance, there are among these eight hundred names scores of Minnie and Maudie, and only here and there a Mary, a much more euphonious as well as dignified name. Jane is transformed usually into Jennie, Caroline into Carrie, Ellen into Ella, Elizabeth into Lizzie and Bessie, Katherine into Katie, Margaret into Maggie, Anne and Anna into Annie, and Harriet into Hattie. Such absurd names as these appear quite frequently: Chattie, Liddle, Millie, Tillie, Kittie, Rosie, Nettie, Libbie, Aggie and Margie.

The great aim seems to be to manufacture a name which ends in ie, and in accomplishing it the finest appellations for women we have—names renowned in poetry and in history, and of a sweet and melodious sound—are chopped up into childish diminutives. They convey an idea of pettiness, and do not rightly belong to girls of dignity and character—girls like those who are going to the Normal College, so many of whom will have their living to earn. And yet these girls think it is pretty to be known by such pet names, and so discard as ugly and old-fashioned the names by which they were christened. What would they think to see a college register which gave the young men's names as Jimmie, Billie, Bobbie, Tommie, Charlie, Sammie and Dickie?

The London papers say that when John B. Gough, the temperance lecturer, recently spoke in Exeter Hall of Mrs. Hayes' great moral courage in refusing wine to her guests at the White House, the audience gave three cheers. Whereupon Derrick Daid, in the Post, proceeds to remark, in his reliable way: "Mr. G. failed, however, to state that there were twenty-one new saloons now running within half a block of the Executive Mansion, all of which are selling money. One saloon keeper told a correspondent that the rush to the drug and after the President's reception was something enormous." And the proprietors of the entire twenty-one are for Hayes' re-election to a man."

Wm. H. Vanderbilt's youngest daughter has become engaged to marry Viscount Dapplin, son and heir of the Earl of Kinnoul. Lord Dapplin is 39 years old and a widower.

The Philadelphia Grand Jury meets with encouragement in its proposition to revive the pillory and whipping post as a means of punishment for petty crimes.

drove her forth into the wilderness. But there were none the fewer Ishmaelites for that.  
"Then men became a little wiser, and saw that the infant Moses was, in every case, saved by the pure instincts of woman's breast; for, as too much adversity is better for the moral nature than too much prosperity, woman, in this respect, dwindled less than man, though in other respects still a child in leading strings."  
"So man did her more justice, and grew more and more kind. But yet—his habits and his will corrupted by the past—he did not clearly see that woman was half himself, that her interests were identical with his, and that by the law of their common being he could never reach his true proportions while she in any wise remained short of hers."  
"And so it has gone on to our day—both ideas developing, but more slowly than they would under a clearer recognition of truth and justice, which would have permitted the sexes their due influences on one another and mutual improvement from more dignified relations."

"Wherever there was pure love, the natural influences were, for the time, restored. Wherever the poet or artist gave free course to his genius, he saw the truth and expressed it in worthy forms, for these men especially shared and needed the feminine principle. The divine birds must be brooded into life and song by mothers. Wherever religion (I mean the thirst for truth and good, not the love of sect and dogma) had its course, the original design was apprehended in its simplicity, and the dove preens sweetly from Dadona's oak."  
"No age has been left entirely without a witness of quality of the sexes in function, duty and hope. Also, when there was unwillingness or ignorance which prevented this being acted upon, women had not the less power for their want of light and noble freedom; but it was power which hurt alike them and those against whom they made use of the arms of the servile, cunning blandishments and unreasonable emotion."

"Now the time has come when a clearer vision and better action are possible—when man and woman may regard one another as brother and sister, the pillars of one porch, the priests of one worship."  
"I believe that at present the women are the best helpers of one another. Let them think; let them act. We only ask of men to remove arbitrary barriers."

## A PLEA FOR THE BOYS.

Our theme is not a new one; it can never be old. As long as one-fourth of humanity is represented by the irrepressible boy, so long will the happiness and well-being of the boy be of moment to all.  
We shall preface our remarks by relating an incident, the facts of which came under our immediate observation.  
A sister and a brother, nine and seven years old respectively, whose home was in the Far West, went to spend the Summer with their grandparents in New England. It was a large, many-roomed house to which they went, and upon their arrival a carpeted room with dainty belongings was assigned to the little girl, while the boy—no less dearly loved by his grandmother—was given a chamber, airy and comfortable, but without a single article of furniture, save the glorious rug of sunlight that waked the little sleeper each returning morning. Judge of the surprise of the family, one afternoon, at finding all the little fellow's possessions—his box of clothing, his fishing tackle, his balls, his top, his miniature canoe—transferred to his sister's room, he averring, upon being questioned, that he liked pretty and tasteful things as well as his sister did, and that he was not going to stay in the old, bare room.  
Now we do not say that every mother can give her boys pretty, carpeted rooms; but we do insist that the boys should have their share of whatever of grace and beauty the house affords. If the little sister has two pretty pictures in her room, let her give one of them to the brother. If she has a dainty cushion for her toilet table, let him also have one.

Then there are the boy's own treasures. Give him the privilege of arranging them in his own way. Doubtless it will be oftentimes a very individual way; but what of that? Do we not every day sacrifice our own tastes for fashion's sake—for friends? Surely we can do at least as much for our boys.  
There is in our mind the memory of a boy just in his teens, who for the first time was to have a room by himself. With his mother's help, his treasures were given each its place of honor or convenience. Most highly prized of all was a gun, the gift of an older brother. His taste claimed its installment on brackets on the wall of his room, and his mother, stilling her woman's fear of fire-arms, gave him her help in arranging it there. The look with which he thanked her will be a pleasant memory for years.  
Let us do all we can for our boys. Let us "make home attractive" to them, not only by filling our houses with things beautiful and tasteful, but by making them feel that they, not less than their sisters, have a share in its arrangement. When the echo of children's footsteps

Correspondents writing over assumed names must make known their names to the Editor, or no attention will be given to the communications.

shall be no longer heard in the house, and the tired hands have more time to rest, we shall be glad to recall the happy face of the boy of twenty years ago, as he stood by our side while we put the last strong stitches in the cover of his ball, or fastened one more bob on his cherished kite.

In the cradle, in his first suit of clothes which laughs him on the world as the individual boy, in his transition from "little boy" to "big boy," from the "big boy" to the youth, let a stand by him with our help, our love and our prayers.

## A Dissertation on Proposals of Marriage, and Where They Are Made.

A study of the places where gentlemen propose is very curious one. The parlor is the place where ladies and gentlemen usually meet, and it is therefore as simple and easy a matter as it always seems to a man when he hasn't any idea of doing it, nearly all the proposals would be made there. It appears from a vast mass of letters and diaries examined by a Times expert that in a hundred red proposals only about ten were made in the parlor by gentlemen who have proposed before, and only two cases discovered where a gentleman had made his third proposal in the parlor.

A reflective person with some experience will have little difficulty in divining the reason for this. The result of a proposal is momentous. Even if the answer be affirmative, there is an awful immensity about the decision, and a relief is obtained by separation and a change of scene. The formality of leaving the parlor is therefore an essential. On the other hand, if a negative answer is given, the veil cannot be too quickly dropped between the suitor and the lady who isn't suited. The length of time that must elapse between the moment when the gentleman is refused at the remote end of a large parlor, and the moment when he stands on the front steps and slams the door behind him, can be measured only by centuries, if the amount of misery experienced during it can be the basis of measurement.

The dance affords the requisite proximity, but a degree of reserve is important when dancing. It is an admirable place for this important event, but so many houses are unprovided with it, that the percentage of conservative proposals is not large. The proceeding to the conservatory, the only usually taken the arm of her sister, thus one of the conditions is supplied. The beautiful, represented by the law, gently stimulates the activity of which is soundly increasing the popularity of the young man's pursuit.

Not less than forty per cent of proposals are made at the front door, either just inside or just outside. Hardly any situation is more conducive to proposing than sitting on the front door-step. The smallness of the rug, or a desire to leave room enough for people to pass, obliges the gentleman to sit so near the lady that he need not speak very loud. The bumpy atmosphere of a Summer evening pleasantly excited by the moon, and if the moon shines the situation is everything that could be desired. If the lady refuses, escape is the easiest thing in the world for the gentleman.

The leave-taking in the hall also presents many advantages, and in Winter is to be greatly preferred to sitting on the front steps, even if there is no snow on them. In this case the lady, good-naturedly, is permitted to be escorted to take the lady's hand, and by gently but firmly pressing it he is often enabled to tell whether it would be judicious or not to propose. It is not unusual for a lady to stand on the lowest step, while the gentleman is preparing to withdraw. If they are of the ordinary proportions, their lips are about on a level, and cases have occurred where souls have been wrestled in a desperate struggle when the lips are in such condition to meet. But this position is not always to be relied upon. If the lady's lips are a little higher, the meeting could not be effected unless she bent forward a trifle, or he ascended to her standpoint. She may be too busy to do the former, and for him to do the latter would be too artificial to be graceful.

The front hall, however, is a pleasant place to carry in and convey plans to escape from. The gas usually turns more dainty than in the parlor, and if any member of the family intrudes at a late hour, it is convenient for the gentleman to be seen in the act of leaving. People who are brought up and the artificiality of city life, and where houses are a dozen miles from a country, have no idea of the amount of proposing that the rural commonplace wifeness of. Many farm-houses have parlors, and to propose in the sitting-room in the presence of the family would be entirely out of taste. The burial vault is a cheerful and easy place compared with the most awkward positions. When a gentleman intends to make a proposal, discretion requires that he should do it at some place where there is a prompt and easy means of retreat. For this reason he should not propose when rowing with a lady on pond-skis. Rowing ashore with a lady when the oarsman would gladly see drowned is not the height of happiness.

Proposals have been made in a church, at the theater, while sailing, and in many other places, but the most experienced proposers declare that there is no place like home—the young lady's home—especially that part of it which is in the immediate vicinity of the front door.—Chicago Times.

Philadelphia has 572 public schools, instructing 103,567 pupils by means of 2,070 teachers, only seventy-seven of whom are men. The value of school property owned and in use by the city is nearly \$5,000,000.

This is the season for cramps. Avoid early swimming, eating early cucumbers and watermelons, and listening to amateur violinists.

The Philadelphia Ledger's idea of blasphemy is a man who curses his Maker when he cuts his finger with a stolen knife.

Mules live to a greater age in France than anywhere else, while the goats put in the most time in the United States.